

THE DAYMOND CASE

Judge Marcellus, Fleeing Mystery at the Seashore, Runs Into More Mystery in the Mountains.

I. Judge Marcellus went to the mountains, seeking in their remoteness from the city that absolute release from the cares which he had not found in the sea.

It seemed good to return to the comfort of Lyndon Inn. They were all there—the deep veranda, the well appointed rooms, the generous table; and yet he felt rather than marked a difference. Repose had gone from the atmosphere, and in its stead uncertainty and suspense lurked indefinably.

Landlord Mattern and his wife had greeted him with the cordiality due an old and honored guest, expressing much regret that their daughter Helen, once a little favorite of his and now grown into a fine girl, should be away on a visit. But there was a faraway look in the man's eyes, the set of his jaws, always resolute, was desperate in its doggedness, while something—could it be terror?—had shrunk the placid comeliness of the woman.

Old Nubbins, the waiter, as adept and attentive as twenty years before, breathed a possible hint in his explanation of the mystery of fish and the scarcity of meat at the inn.

"You see, sir," he whispered, "the old man didn't come to time this morning; so the butcher cut him off."

This intimation was strengthened that evening when the Judge returned from his stroll. The parlors presented a pleasant, even a brilliant scene, with the guests grouped around the walls or at the windows, enjoying the admirable performance on the piano by a picturesque old lady.

In the office there was dissatisfaction, even mutiny. Cooks, housemaids, waiters and scullions, the collective body of servants, vehemently urged demands upon their master, who confronted them with the calmness of despair.

The Judge was just about to retire that night when his conjectures seemed confirmed by the entrance of Mr. Mattern.

"I saw you noticed that bit of a settlement I was having with the help, sir," began the landlord, decidedly ill at ease. "The fact is I met with serious losses last winter—a fool and his money, you understand—and now I have the hardest kind of scratching for current expenses."

"You have a select household of guests," rejoined the Judge in surprise.

"Yes; but don't you know, rich people can't understand why any one should need money any more than they do; and so they take their time about paying their bills. I can't attempt to hurry them. The slightest sign of a rebuff would shut down the house, and so when supplies are shut down, and servants get impatient, I have to make all sorts of excuses about being so far from civilization. Lord, sir, I wish I was twice as far! Of course, in the case of an old customer, who has confidence in me, I might—"

The Judge's heart was as kind as his brain was keen.

"By the way, Mattern," he said, taking out his pocketbook, "I can just as well pay a month in advance if you like."

Mattern did like. His thanks were profuse, but none the less sincere.

After he had gone, the Judge, in reviewing the incident as a matter of relaxation for the mind, was surprised to note how like amusement it afforded. The parting look of his host haunted him from eyes weary and hopeless.

"Mattern didn't mean the money," he mused. "It relieved his present anxieties only to make room for deeper trouble. Something is wrong."

"I ought to go. But there is restfulness about the old scenes and associations; and I would like to see little Helen again on her return."

"Yes; I will stick it out."

II. This aversion to abandoning a settled plan was characteristic of the Judge. As he was inevitable in a man of his age and habit, he was set in his ways. What was well to do once, it was well to continue to do. Half the time lost in life was caused by trifling change.

Personal peculiarities spring from such regularity, and the Judge had a share of them. For instance, he carried a large amount of money with him, as men used to do when he was young, instead of relying on a check book, as is the modern vogue.

It followed, too, so logically from his neatness and particularly that it need scarcely be mentioned, that this money was always in clean, fresh bills, folded over an approved style of his own. In coming to the mountains, the Judge had changed his skis but not his methods.

He laid out his leisure in so orderly a fashion that not a moment of it could lag or go astray, and so it happened that the morning after his landlord's call, being a Friday, he strolled down the village street in the post office to buy his weekly supply of stamps.

It was a lonely village street. There was not a person in sight, except, yes—the Judge looked again—the picturesque old lady who had performed so admirably in the parlor the night before.

She was tall, bent and dark, with a great nose and a curly shock of white hair. She limped as she approached, aiding herself with a cane.

"Good morning, Judge Marcellus," she said familiarly, in the rather deep tones one somehow expected from her appearance. "We are both too old to stand upon ceremony, especially in the country. I am Mrs. Guther, up at the hotel, you know."

"I know, I had the pleasure of hearing your exquisite music last evening, madam, for which I thank you," replied the Judge, bowing gallantly.

"Oh, as for that, music is second nature to me. I am, therefore I play. Off for a climb to the summit house, I presume?"

"No; that is too vigorous for me."

"It is cooler in the dell by the brook."

"Well, and damper; as my rhyme them words. No, the post office is my goal."

"As it was mine but a moment ago, though for no more serious matter than the stamps I might have got from Mr. Mattern. How busy we have to be when we are idle."

And with a smile, too hard it seemed for the old, soft draperies and the white hair, the lady limped away.

The Judge noted a change in Helen that spring. The girl grew pensive and abstracted, given to long, solitary walks, followed by melancholy silences, despite her mother's inquiries.

One day her mother, keeping her in sight, saw her enter a cottage frequently rented to sportsmen for a brief outing. As she watched and waited, fearful at once of omission or inaction, she heard that same music which the Judge had recognized as Beethoven's "Choral Symphony," magnificently played.

III. On glancing at the superciliousness of the letter delivered to him a few days later by special messenger from the nearest railroad town, the Judge went directly to his room. It was from his confidential man, Mr. Cronkite, who never wrote, any more than he spoke, without having something to say.

The letter ran as follows:

REVEREND SIR: The Daymond case is developing curiously. I write to warn you not to be surprised should you recognize me unexpectedly in the near future.

Matters were at this juncture, you will recollect, when I took charge on your departure from town. The expert autopsy held at your suggestion, revealed that David Daymond died from vegetable poisoning.

The alleged will, made the day before his death, and offered for probate by the beneficiary thereunder, Gerald Daymond, his nephew, was shown by you to be a rank forgery.

Warrant was issued for Gerald Daymond, but before it could be served he had fled to unknown. Neither you nor I ever saw him. Miss Capelle, the young nurse who had attended Mr. Daymond, was arrested and held as an accessory before the fact. It was about this time that the Judge learned that she had no professional education or standing; that her name was assumed. She had remained mute, unknown, so off from the world.

My subsequent investigations have convinced me that this singular and interesting young woman has been the innocent instrument of Gerald Daymond, whom she loves with all the intensity of simplicity. I believe that she persuaded her to go as nurse to his uncle's house in order that she might bring about her reconciliation.

I have been told that she secretly saw his uncle, slipped a pellet containing the poison in the medicine prescribed; that this was in time administered by Miss Capelle, and that through the magic of instinctive cunning she had succeeded in her mission.

It may well be, too, that family pride in an element in constraining her to preserve her name.

How, then, is she to be compelled to speak? Why, through the influence of another passion, even more strong than that which keeps her silent.

I find, sir, that Gerald has been something of a Lothario. A dashing young vaudeville actress called Estelle Main is known as his friend. I have watched Estelle closely, but with only one faint gleam of interest.

Yesterday she paid a milliner's bill with a fifty dollar note. Not only was this note crisp and new, with vertical and horizontal folds, but it was one of the series I fetched for you from the bank the day you left. I have a little habit of noting such things.

It may be, therefore, that through you I shall be able to get some idea of what she is like. He is a man, you may say. Like many another villain, he is versatile and impractical; a good actor, a fine musician, possessed of almost every accomplishment except the simple one of earning a honest living.

He was penniless when he escaped, and ready money is life to him. So, too, is the freedom to enjoy it. Given these attributes and necessities, to what sort of career would the spirit of intrigue urge him to turn?

I need not specify the various solutions that occur, merely reminding that the unlikely place is the safest; but if you happen to hear of a young woman mysteriously absent from her home near Lyndon Inn, please advise me when you see me. Yours to command,

ANS. GROWTH.

P.S.—Gerald is a devoted admirer of Beethoven, and fond of playing his most difficult compositions.

As the Judge finished this letter his expression of intense thought softened into one of rapture. Up from the parlor floated the unequalled strains of that masterpiece of symphonic art, "Choral Symphony," exquisitely rendered.

IV. In order to hear the music more distinctly the Judge threw open the door of his sitting room. Leaning against the wall of the corridor, as he waited for a sudden shock, was his good landlady, her face wan and contorted, her hand pressed against her heart.

"My dear madam," cried the Judge, in genuine alarm, "I fear you are overworked. Come in here, won't you, and rest. Let me help you to a chair, a fan, a glass of wine."

With old-time courtesy he suited the action to the word.

Presently the poor woman burst violently into tears.

"I can't bear it any longer," she wailed. "No light, no news, though we have given up every cent we can scrape!"

"There, there, you must calm yourself," urged the Judge, administering sundry fatherly pats. "I will gladly give you the aid of my skill and experience, such as it is. Remember, I have always entertained the highest respect for you and your husband; little Helen, you know."

"Helen, my darling; where is she? We can't find her, Judge. The more we pay that woman the more she promises; but nothing she does of it—nothing but empty pockets and broken hearts."

"I think I understand you," said the Judge, meditatively. "Natural pride and dread have restrained you from publicity. Hope has impelled you to believe the representations, to submit to the exactions of the woman, yes, the woman, who is playing double-cross."

"Oh, please she is playing! That is what overcame me just now, Judge. I never heard it but once before, but I would know it, I would know it, if I heard it in heaven, if I heard it in—"

"Tell me," commanded the Judge impatiently.

Falteringly, brokenly, Mrs. Mattern told the story.

She had noted a change in Helen that spring. The girl grew pensive and abstracted, given to long, solitary walks, followed by melancholy silences, despite her mother's inquiries.

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In the midst of the excitement Mrs. K., a member of the summer colony, arrived in Morristown for the purpose of supervising the opening of her house for the approaching summer season. For the work she engaged an extra help Sam and Rose, colored couple who make a living working by the day for Morristown families. One day Rose paused in her dusting long enough to say to her employer, "Mrs. K., there's something in my mind, and I think it sure will surprise you."

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Supplies Cut Off.

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"God bless my soul!" cried the Judge, startled by his own progress from suspicion to conviction. "It is impossible; therefore it is so!"

"That night Helen disappeared," Mrs. Mattern continued, "leaving a note that said we must not seek her—that she would return in honor or she would not return at all. Of course we've tried to find her—you can't imagine, Judge, how hard we've tried."

"I don't need to imagine, for I know," interposed the Judge pityingly. "Time and again I have seen the wise and prudent betrayed by their affections and led from one absurdity to another greater one through sorrow, suspense and apprehension of shame. This woman, whoever she is—I say—must have been with you, with certain facts about Helen which won your confidence."

"She certainly knows all about Helen from the time she was a little child. But oh, the stories she has told!"

"And oh, the sums you have paid for them! This imposture must be stopped at once."

"But where should we be, Judge? Isn't it better to have even a little truth than no truth at all?"

The Judge bit his lip vexedly.

"I feel morally sure," he mused. "But, then, to make such a charge against one seemingly a lady of age, respectability and refinement—"

A thick set, somewhat stolid looking man, who had been standing unobserved in the shadow of the doorway, stepped into the room.

"Have the courage of your convictions, Judge," he said. "I just noticed a little matter down at the post office which satisfied me, as little matters often do. Why would Mrs. Guther fall into the error of spelling her name with a 'y,' unless she has just been acquainted with the use of a name in which 'y' does follow 'a,' such as Daymond, for instance?"

It was Abe Cronkite.

Judge Marcellus was ill at ease that evening when he knocked at the door of Mrs. Guther's sitting room. Notwithstanding the convincing work that he and Cronkite had been able to do by telephone and telegram, he yet was shaken by the fear of a dreadful mistake.

To his old-fashioned notions, an inseparable sanctity clung to feminine names; and he resolved that he would make his assurance doubly sure before giving the signal which might lead to sacrilege beyond expression and explanation.

Mrs. Guther opened the door cautiously, and in response to the statement that his call was a business one, invited the Judge to enter. The centre light was burning but dimly, and, as she took her own place at a distance from the door, she waved her visitor to a chair.

There was daintiness, there was elegance in the pose, as she sat with her jeweled hand shading her eyes; above all there was the pervasive feminine appeal for consideration. All these combined to stimulate the Judge's decorous doubts.

"It has been my experience as a lawyer, madam," the Judge began, "that in investigation and solution of a mysterious case, light is apt to come from an unexpected source. But working in the dark seems to incline the wisest and best of us to speculation, and so it also often happens that the one innocently furnishing this light is accused of complicity in the evil sought to be righted."

"You will pardon me, sir," interposed Mrs. Guther. "If I say that my legal experiences, however interesting to you, seem more profitable to me than to you, I am sure you will not be so kind as to interrupt me."

"They may be pertinent, and perhaps even interesting to you, madam, if I am constrained thereby to give you a chance to explain—"

"To explain, sir?"

"To explain why you sent most of the money you have extorted from the Matterns under pretense of tracing and restoring their daughter, to a very different sort of a young person, Estelle Main, the vaudeville actress—"

"Preposterous!"

"Who has been living at the place and under the assumed name to which you addressed the registered package. She is in custody, and has confessed."

"The friendly interest of a lonely old woman in an ambitious and desecrating girl."

"She has confessed that she received the notes in that package—they also have been identified—from her lover, Gerald Daymond, who is wanted for—"

"This passes all comprehension!"

"Murder," her confession has been shown to Miss Capelle in prison, who now admits that Daymond deceived, betrayed her, introduced her into his uncle's house—"

"My God, does Helen tell all that?"

"Who said anything about Helen? How does it happen you know who Miss Capelle really is?" demanded the Judge with a sigh of actual relief. "Come, Gerald Daymond, you will say, 'my dear madam, but don't you think you had better go into the next room and put on the male attire that Cronkite has provided for you? It would be more seemly. We don't want a row. There is no possibility of escape, every avenue is guarded—"

It was a terrific figure which suddenly sprang up and confronted the Judge: the man, tall, thin, with a face of disfigurement, for the title, inanity and insincerity of feminine fripperies under the revealing agony of despair.

"I will go in there," said a deep, hollow voice, which matched the man beneath the masquerade; "for there is an escape notwithstanding—"

The Judge gave a shrill blast on a whistle. Instantly Cronkite and Mattern dashed through the windows from the veranda roof. They reached the bedroom door, when there was a sharp report within.

"He found an escape, sir, notwithstanding," said Cronkite, with a grave nod to the Judge.

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THE NEW TEACHER IN THE TORAH SCHOOL.

Abele Rinsovsky, Though a Greenhorn, Makes a Hit and Gets Ambitious.

The stately, heavy bearded principal of the Talmud-Torah (Hebrew School) leaned back, stared hard and rapped out:

"And you are a teacher?"

"Yes, your honor," from the creamy faced, round shouldered, splendid shanked applicant for employment.

The principal's piercing stare slowly took in the bowed headed melamed (Hebrew teacher) from the top of his worn hat to the soles of his unshined shoes. Then his severe voice, accustomed to authority, demanded:

"Have you taught before?"

"Sure, I've taught in different places, lately in the big Brownsville Talmud-Torah. I can bring the best possible reference," the teacher blurted out with a promptness which some might have thought convincing, but which nevertheless only showed that he had schooled himself to rattle off the formula.

As a matter of fact, he had been ranging from Talmud-Torah to Talmud-Torah looking for employment, and everywhere he had failed. His statement about the Brownsville Talmud-Torah contained a modicum of truth, for the schoolers in that institution had struck for higher wages, and, owing to their well kept, secret union, the superintendent was reduced to employing any teachers he could get.

This humble teacher had taught in the Brownsville Talmud-Torah for two days. Then the strike was settled and he again faced starvation. His chance of obtaining a job being rather desperate, he did not mind improving it by some slight deviation from veracity.

Having thus delivered his studied half true statement, he nervously cast an anxious glance at the principal, to watch whether he had noticed the deception. The principal's visage was forbidding, and blankly instable.

After a while the principal reluctantly began to intone with nasal melancholy:

"Bom, bom, bom, la, la, la," keeping time with his thumb on the table. The teacher fidgeted nervously.

The scene was rudely broken in upon by the turbulent intrusion of a boy with a weeping youngster, and her mother complained that her offspring displayed strong antipathies to going to school, and learned nothing when he did go, and disobeyed her at home. The teacher moved to a corner, contracted himself to a minimum and vaguely wondered what was the meaning of life.

The principal called on the juvenile culprit to reduce reasons if he could for his misdeed. The latter answered with a burst of ear piercing howls. The principal next asked whether it was his intention to reform and be good; the offender issued more clamorous howls; the principal told the mother she might go home and he would fix the boy, whereupon the howls became so severe that the mother had to return and assure the boy that no harm would be done to him.

Exit mother, enter second mother, same story, same conclusions.

The teacher marvelled what relation it all had to him, and whether, if he secured the job, mothers would bring him children to school and chastise. At last there was quiet, and the teacher remarked:

"You show excellent recommendations, if you want any."

"I don't give a rap for your recommendations. What's your name?"

"Abele Rinsovsky."

"And you are a teacher?" The principal returned to his original question. "I've given the greatest satisfaction in the best schools; they were all sorry to lose me. I can bring the very best recommendations, if you only say the word," the teacher rejoined more spiritedly, now that the principal had said he did not care for any recommendations.

"I don't think you would do at all. No, you wouldn't do. I'm sorry, but you wouldn't do."

The teacher was depressed and, saying a humble good-by, to which the principal did not reply, he heavily turned to go. However, when he was at the door, he heard the principal call after him, "Mr. Rinsovsky, you are single?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wouldn't do for a teacher; you're a greenhorn, but I'll give you a trial. I'll pay you twelve dollars a month, and you have to teach only four hours a day, from half past three to half past seven. Come, I'll give you your class."

While following the principal, Mr. Rinsovsky rapidly calculated what disposition he would make of his salary.

Three dollars a month he would spend on lodging—that's a little too much, he might lodge for two dollars, but since he's earning money why grudge himself, and why not take a separate room in partnership with another man.

Well, taking three from twelve, there remains nine dollars a month. Board would cost a dollar a week and clothing and other expenses another dollar a month, so he would still have a dollar a week to deposit in the savings bank. Heavens! Every week one more dollar! And the savings bank pays interest, too!

Thrilling days, dizzy pathways, the teacher's mind was honeycombed with prison cells—that's what the rooms looked like more than anything else—from which hundreds of children reeking at the top of their voices, according to the Jewish method of teaching, the principal, with the teacher at his heels, plunged into a room where nearly a hundred eight and ten-year-olds were in intermediate combat.

The principal, slapping, spanking, kicking, caning, beat the inchoate mass of young humanity into a semblance of order. Then a little kid abruptly squeaked, "New teacher!" and forthwith, seized by a mighty impulse which apparently it was not in their power to resist, the class set forth a chorus of "New teacher! New teacher! New teacher!"

Defeated and bewildered, poor Mr. Rinsovsky thought Rabel was some anew, but the undaunted principal made short work of the unfortunate first offender, swiftly caned the class into quiet, and, panting and exhausted, finally quailed Mr. Rinsovsky. The teacher thought he was beginning the right way—in fact he had taken this hint from the superintendent of the big Brownsville Talmud-Torah; but he presently found that different institutions have different customs, for his present superior sniffed and waved his hand in disdain:

"No high-toned ways here! What have

you got to do with their names, and what do you want to write them down for? Just teach!"

Faint hearted and apprehensive for his job, Mr. Rinsovsky meekly asked what he was to teach.

"The Psalms—let them recite the Psalms," the principal said, leaving the room; "I'll come later to see how you are getting on. Maintain strict discipline."

Welladay! What an impenetrable hubbub and what a dazing of buttons and marbles and topplings there ensued as soon as the redoubtable principal was out. All Mr. Rinsovsky's efforts at peace were lost in the raging sea; if he chided two boys there were about ninety-eight more who drowned his voice; if he turned his back for a moment a roaming missile would even hit his head.

Just as he was getting frantic with exasperation, the prudent principal, who knew his flock and the sort of shepherd to whom he had entrusted them, reentered the pandemonium. He glanced at the shivering teacher, who feared his occupation was gone, but, on the contrary, the principal, perhaps gratified at seeing that the shepherd was still alive and not torn to pieces by the sheep, smiled condescendingly, desired teacher to point out the most disorderly boys and sermonized the class, pre-empting dire things for the unruly and disobedient.

In a few hours the teacher was becoming accustomed to the chaos, but he could foresee the period the remote future when he would be able to keep the class in order and teach them something. At the thought there came over him a great feeling of exhilaration, and in wondrous sport he began making new arrangements of his salary.

Why shouldn't he marry, now that he was earning money—a dollar a week, every six weeks? Just then a woman did come in, but the first peep with the corner of his eye told Mr. Rinsovsky that, whatever the woman and her mission might be, she was scarcely a likely object for his tender attention; she was altogether too grand a lady, with a hat whose brim was of such dignified sweep that it looked much like an umbrella, and with dress that certainly had once been in fashion.

The lady inquired about the sweet little children and their studies, smiled at the teacher, the pupils and the world in general and departed, without the thought occurring to Mr. Rinsovsky to ask her who she was and what she wanted.

Mr. Rinsovsky was soon to regret this oversight.

Within five minutes the principal rushed in as if borne by a hurricane, his grim features working with indignation and the discharge of the poor teacher almost on his very lips.

Not to hand a chair to a member of the Board of Directors of the Ladies' Branch of the Talmud-Torah was ever so simple. Impudence known! Avant! Such a book! Oh, my God! I said at once he wouldn't do. You a teacher in a Talmud-Torah! Go, at least ask pardon of Miss Ratsenstein, who is such a munificent patroness of his holy institution!

At this moment Miss Ratsenstein, an old maid, like most patronesses of institutions, incoherently.

"Why, dear me, what a fuss you make about it. It's nothing. I'm sure this gentleman here did not mean any harm," and she beamed on distracted teacher in a way that struck the keen principal with amazed awe.

"I beg pardon," faltered the teacher.

"Oh, it's nothing to speak of. I see you're a new teacher. I hope you're satisfied with the place here?"

The teacher mumbled something about his more than mere satisfaction, and about his latest decision as to the economy of \$12 a month.

"Oh, you're teaching the dears the Psalms," the patroness of the Talmud-Torah rattled on. "That's good. I like Psalms. I'm sure. Don't you? There's nothing like it. Oh, I'm so glad you're teaching them the Psalms. But, oh, excuse me, may I ask your name?"

"Abele Rinsovsky."

"Rinsovsky—that sounds real Jewish—Russian Jewish, you know. My name is Annie Ratsenstein. Oh, I'm sure—what are you saying? You enjoy the place, don't you? Oh, I'm sure I'm so glad!"

Miss Ratsenstein gave teacher a queerly curved bow that included a swinging of the head to and fro, her face wreathed in smiles, and left, accompanied by the obsequious principal. Shortly, however, the principal hurried in with ejaculations. Reb Abele, Miss Ratsenstein has inquired about you, and she says you're a very good teacher. She says she'll come again to see your work! Why, man, I'll give you at once a raise of a dollar a month!"

The teacher looked about sheepishly, unable to comprehend such an avalanche of good fortune. But the season was at a close, and he wended his way homeward toward a new teacher, bearing with him the day's experience and the image of the gracious, curveting, bowing Miss Ratsenstein.

MODEL SHOVEL SALESMAN.

Story Told of the Duke of Wellington and a Big Contract.

From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

A millionaire shovel maker, as he sat in the smoking room of an Atlantic liner, said: "I have been over to England trying to sell shovels to the British Government. I failed. I didn't sell a shovel. A dead man named Jones was the cause of my failure."

"Jones was a shovel salesman, was he?" asked the Duke of Wellington, who was sitting next him.

"Yes, he was," said the millionaire, "and I came here from Brussels to see the battle."

"Now that you are here," said Wellington, "are you willing to carry a message for me to one of my generals? It will be a dangerous errand, I have no one else to send."

"I'll carry your message," said Jones, "and for danger, one part of this battlefield is no more dangerous than another to-day."

"So Wellington gave him the message, and Jones delivered it, but failed to return. The Duke thought him slain, but one day eight or nine years later a man acoed the Duke to remember me," he said.

"I do," said Wellington, shaking the man's hand warmly. "You saved two regiments of mine by the delivery of that message. Why didn't you return to me?"

"Jones said his horse had been killed by a cannon ball as he was returning, and he himself had been shot in the side, but not badly—a few days' absence had brought him round."

"Well," said the Duke, "what can I do for you?"

"I am a partner in that shovel house of ours near the front," said the firm name of Jones & Jones, and I'd like to get a Government contract."

"From that day to this all the shovels used in the British army and navy have been supplied by the house of Smith, Jenkins & Jones. I wasted my time trying to compete with that firm."

Another Charge Against Motor Cars.

From the *London Daily Mail*.

Mid-Sussex farmers have added another count to the indictment of motorists, with regard to the dust nuisance.

They say that owing to the dust raised by motor cars, new takes a man two days to cut an acre of grain, as the acryle has been so badly mired that it is impossible to get it out of the ground. Before motor cars were general, it took only one day to mow a field.

WHEN BUD DID HIS WORK.

Case of the Ghost of a Railroad Engineer Who Was Laid Off.

"Bud Sammons, who flagged for Charley Corey, was a good fellow," said the fat engineer, "but the work germ didn't seem to get right in his breast and Bud was always shirking. Little odd chore, which was continually getting him in trouble."

"One night when Charley's fast freight was running ahead of No. 13 they had to stop up on the curve by Joy's woods to cool some hotboxes. According to the rules 'n' ethics of the railroad game it was up to Bud to take his red lantern, walk behind thirty-seven telegraph poles 'n' protect his train."

"I guess Bud thought they would get 'em' again in a minute. At any rate, he didn't take the trouble to go back, 'n' with a rush 'n' a roar No. 12 came flyin' along 'n' made a noise like a bad accident against the rear end of Corey's train."

"When they got things straightened out a bit they found Bud Sammons layin' in a heap under the platform of the caboose, dead. His indifference to a little bit of work had cost him his life."

"A few nights after that I was comin' east with No. 13, makin' the fast time for which I am noted, when on the track ahead of me, up by Joy's woods, I saw a little yellow circle of light, 'n' in the centre of this circle a man was wavin' his arms over his head, all possessed. Rememberin' the accident to No. 13, I immediately gave two answerin' toots on the whistle, shut off steam 'n' slowed up preparatory to stoppin'."

"I declare to man, when we got down to the circle I faded 'n' disappeared. I couldn't see any trace of the man who was signalin' me to stop. I felt as foolish as a hen when she finds out she's been settin' on white doorknobs."

"When I got 'em' again, Murphy stepped over to my elbow 'n' said, in an awed voice:

"'Did you see it?'

"'Sure, I saw it. What was it?'

"'Why,' he says, 'that's Bud Sammons' spirit as sure as I ever put a scoopful of coal on a fire. I suppose Bud's spirit got to worryin' over the accident caused by his carelessness 'n' just can't keep away from the railroad track.'

"A crowd of coobs for yours," says I. "Who ever heard tell of such a thing?"

"The thing appeared to more than one crew, nevertheless, 'n' little knots of the boys whenever they got together in the bunkrooms 'n' roundhouses would get to discussin' it. One of 'em would say:

"'Sure enough I saw it with my two eyes 'n' I just passed the color blind examination, 'n' I'm sure it was Bud Sammons' spirit, 'n' I'm sure it was Bud Sammons' spirit, 'n' I'm sure it was Bud Sammons' spirit, 'n